

WOMAN: She-bang! That's pretty cool, right?

BOY: Mm-hmm.

WOMAN: That doesn't happen very often, you know.

BOY: I know.

WOMAN: You won. You b*at me!

BOY: Uh-huh.

WOMAN: You want to play again? Fine. Whatever. Knock yourself out.

(Woman gets up and heads down the hallway. Boy turns the television set on to watch cartoons.)

(Woman closes the bathroom door.)

(The bathtub water runs. Woman drops the towel wrapped around her, turns the water off and climbs into the bathtub. She sighs and settles back to enjoy her bath. She has candles lit on the sink, shelves and windowsill, and she has her glass of wine with her.)

(The small apartment starts to quiver and shake, the bottles on the sink rattle as the nearby train passes by. But Woman is used to this. She continues with her bath and sips from her wine glass.)

(Then, she hears a loud thud coming from outside. She puts her wine glass down on the bathroom sink. She looks at the door.)

WOMAN: Evan? Evan.

(She hears a sound coming from the other side of the door.)

(She sees the doorknob turn and open. A bloodied hand pushes the door open.)

(The train horn blows.)

(WOMAN SCREAMING)

(The door is pushed open and a man carrying a hammer walks in. He hits her over and over and over again; blood spatters everywhere – on the sink, on the wall, on the tub.)

(The Crossing Jordan turns the corner and pulls up along the curb. Jordan gets out of the car and appears puzzled by what he sees – Sindy and the other coroner are leaning against the gurney on the sidewalk.)

(Jordan peers into the house. He sees the body of the little boy on the living room floor, face down. Apparently, nothing has been done yet. Jordan walks up to the body. Nigel is kneeling next to the boy. He looks at Jordan.)

JORDAN: How long have you been here?

NIGEL: About six hours.

(Jordan turns and heads for the bathroom at the end of the hall where Woman's body is on the floor. She is covered with a towel.)

(He turns when he hears a camera snap. Garret is taking photos in the bedroom.)

JORDAN: Why haven't these bodies been released?

GARRET: Good question. Sindy was in Henderson on another call, so, when Nigel and I got here, we just started processing the house.

(Garret walks over to him.)

GARRET: Found the victim in the bathroom, covered with a towel. We got a plastic print on the bathroom door. It's the strongest piece of evidence -- I photographed it and transmitted the image back to the lab; Mandy got a hit to an unknown palm; case info was in ViCAP. And then, Dispatch called, telling me to stop processing immediately, by order of the FBI.

JORDAN: The FBI field office is right next to the Strip. What's taking them so long?

GARRET: Oh, b*at the hell out of me.

(The small apartment starts to quiver and shake, the bottles on the sink rattle as the nearby train approaches. Overhead, they hear the sounds of a helicopter rotor. Garret and Jordan look at each other.)

(The FBI helicopter, #N67TV, approaches and lands near the house. Woody walks over. Jack Malone gets out of the helicopter and they shake hands.)

JACK: Jack Malone, FBI.

WOODY: I'm Woody.

(They head for the house.)

JACK: I'm based in New York, but I was testifying in a case in San Francisco. When I heard about the ViCAP hit, I got here as fast as I could.

WOODY: Chopper from the Strip? That's nice. That's my tax dollars at work?

JACK: You get a positive ID on the boy?

WOODY: No, but we have an ID on the female -- name is Carmen Davis. According to neighbors, she lives alone. Apparently no kids of her own. But if I find anything out, I'll let you know.

JACK: Thank you.

(Woody leaves. Jack motions for Sindey and the other coroner.)

JACK: You're up.

(Sindey takes his kit and follows him inside.)

(Jack enters the residence. He sees Nigel with his camera.)

JACK: (to Nigel) You -- you get enough photos?

NIGEL: Definitely.

(Garret and Jordan are there as well.)

JACK: (to Sindey) Roll the body over.

(Sindey rolls the little boy's body over so that Jack can see his face. Jack is quiet. He sighs.)

JORDAN: What's going on?

JACK: Jack Malone, FBI, New York City.

(Jack hands Garret a photo.)

JACK: This boy was kidnapped from his babysitter's apartment six years ago. Babysitter was k*ll. The only evidence at the crime scene was a bloody palm print.

GARRET: Well, there may be a resemblance, but kids change a lot in six years.

JACK: Mm-hmm.

JORDAN: DNA will tell us if this is your kid. But it does look like your k*ll came to New York.

(REVERSE PIANOS AND REVERSE CYMBALS)

(Crossing Jordan Intro)

CROSSING JORDAN

VANESSA FERLITO

GARY SINISE

RAVI KAPOOR

KATHRYN HAHN

STEVE VALENTINE

TAMARA TAYLOR

AND JERRY O'CONNELL

CREATED BY TIM KRING